Rev. Robert Hall Morrison

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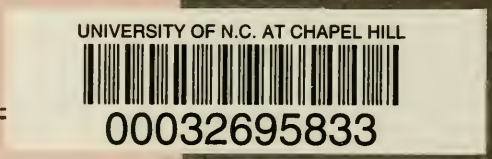

MEMORIAL SKETCHES

OF

Rev. Robert Hall Morrison, D. D.

BY

REV. A. W. MILLER, D. D.

AND

GEN. D. H. HILL.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.
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IN MEMORIAM

The REV. ROBERT HALL MORRISON, D.D.

Born in Rocky River Congregation, Cabarrus County, North Carolina, September 8, 1798.

Died in Lincoln County, North Carolina, May 13, 1889, in the Ninety-First year of his age.

The Southern Church mingles its sympathtes with the Presbytery of Mecklenburgh, in the death of its oldest Minister, this venerated man of God.

Society suffers in the removal of one of its strongest supports and truest ornaments. The Church, bereft of one of its brightest crowns, mourns over an aching void; a void that can never be filled. An extraordinary character has vacated an extraordinary sphere of usefulness and honor. A bright star whom we have seen shining at Christ's right hand here below, is now shining with surpassing splendor with Christ above.

Descended from a sterling Scotch-Irish Presbyterian ancestry, he inherited those marked and noble qualities of mind and heart, which, hallowed by grace, made him an honour to the age and a blessing to the world. Early called by the Saviour, in the morning of life, he obeyed the voice of the gracious Shepherd, and followed him faithfully to its close. Communion with God, meditation upon the glory of Christ, the study of the Scriptures,—which he read through four times each year, with commentaries, dwelling upon their preciousness and power—the perusal of

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devotional works, were his chief delight. Literary tastes were sanctified, and mind and heart found their highest satisfaction and enjoyment in the green pastures of Divine Truth and beside the still waters of Divine consolation.

The grand doctrines of grace, embodied in the Calvinistick system of faith, entered into and moulded his christian experience and made him humble and prayerful, cheerful and strong, decided but liberal, active and zealous, steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, knowing that his labor was not in vain in the Lord. In his latter years all of his income—after providing for physical wants—was devoted to the Gospel, not restricting himself to his own, but assisting all denominations of Christians. He left a legacy to the American Bible Society, having made all his children life-members, and was himself a life-director. His works do follow him and will continue to follow him forever! Christians of every name were received into his confidence and love, but none were left unaware that the venerable Patriarchal and Apostolick Presbyterian Church, "the Mother of us all," was the home of his heart and his chief joy.

Dr. Morrison was graduated at the University of North Carolina, in 1818; dividing the honours of his class with President Polk, also of Presbyterian lineage, and from that Presbyterian section of the State which gave to the world the first Declaration of American Independence, May 20, 1775. Dr. Morrison was ordained by Concord Presbytery in 1820, his first charge being Providence church in Mecklenburg county. He was soon called, thence, to Fayetteyille. During his pastorate there, he was, on the 27th of April, 1824, at Vesuvius Furnace, Lincoln county, N. C., united in marriage with a lady of a renowned family, Miss Mary Graham, sister of Gov. William A. Graham, and daughter of Gen. Joseph Graham, of illustrious Revolutionary fame,—a devout Christian, and for the last 10 or 12 years of his life, Ruling Elder in Unity Church, Lincoln County.

Dr. Morrison remained in Fayetteville from 1822 to 1827, then accepted a call to the venerable Sugar Creek Church, three miles from Charlotte; in which historick town, the birthplace of American Independence, a Presbyterian church was organized by him, their membership having been, previously, in the mother church, Sugar Creek. To these churches he ministered most acceptably. His scholarly attainments, his chaste and elegant

diction, his dignified mien, his impressive delivery, his heart on fire with the love of Christ and the love of souls, captivated his hearers and made his ministry a ministry of power. His was no non-committal, politick, trimming disposition, courting or valuing popular favour, winking at, if not approving of fashionable folly and iniquity. He fearlessly denounced worldly conformity in the Church. *Christ's name was on his forehead*, seen and read by all. He followed the Lamb whithersoever he went, bearing his cross, following Him through evil as well as good report, regardless of the buzz of dissent, or the clamor of opposition. His was no half way offering of himself, but full and entire, upon the altar of God, and with an ardor that never cooled, and a zeal that never wavered, he continued a faithful, uncompromising witness to the truth, whether men would hear, or whether they would forbear, even to the end. David's description of a citizen of Zion was applicable to him: "In whose eyes a vile person is contemned, but he honoureth them that fear the Lord." "Do not I hate them, O Lord, that hate Thee? and am not I grieved with those that rise up against Thee? I hate them with perfect hatred: I count them mine enemies."

Deeply impressed by the fact that very few candidates for the Ministry came from the State University and other secular institutions, and realizing the necessity of a Presbyterian college as a nursery for the Church and its Ministers, Dr. Morrison brought before Concord presbytery, on the 12th of March, 1835, at Prospect Church, Rowan County, a resolution for the establishment within its bounds, of a Presbyterian College, where Presbyterian doctrines should be faithfully taught and expounded. The resolution was adopted and Drs. Morrison and Sparrow were appointed Financial Agents. They succeeded in raising funds sufficient to start the College on the first of March, 1837. The three Presbyteries in charge of it, Concord, Morganton and Bethel, elected Dr. Morrison the first President of Davidson College. The $30,000 thus raised was supplemented in 1855 by a princely donation from Mr. Maxwell Chambers, of Salisbury, N. C. Dr. Morrison appeared before the Legislature, and, with difficulty, procured a charter, with a limit of $200,000, which was not the whole of Mr. Chambers's donation.

Davidson College, thus brought into being, has risen to eminence among the institutions of America. Its high standard commands the respect of the whole country, North and South,

whilst the moral influences which surround and govern it, are equalled by few, surpassed by none. A high-toned Faculty and high-toned students are regarded with admiration throughout the land. The Bible forms a part of the College curriculum; and the God of the Bible has set His sacred *Imprimatur* upon this consecrated Institution. The divine spirit, the Fountain of Truth, energizes, with signal force "the lively oracles" here dispensed. His vital breath renders fruitful and fragrant this cherished Garden of the Lord. During the 52 years of its existence, it has given to the Church 200 Ministers of the Gospel! Who is able to compute the sum total of blessing accruing to the world from this one source alone! Who is able to measure its influence for good through all coming time! And who is able to estimate the indebtedness of Society, the State, and the Church, to its noble Founder! Davidson College is *his* monument! A monument more lasting, and grander far, than stone or brass! A monument perennial, enduring through all ages,—all ages of Time and the endless ages of Eternity! Generations yet unborn will rise up and bless the honoured name of Dr. Robert Hall Morrison!

Failing health led Dr. Morrison to resign this most important trust, the Presidency of the College, and he retired to his farm in Lincoln county. His delightful home, the home of culture and refinement, of joy and happiness, was proverbial for an overflowing hospitality, which was dispensed from a full heart with a free hand.

His labours in the Gospel-Ministry knew no intermission, but were continued at Unity, Castanea, and Machpelah churches. During the long Ministerial term of 65 years, it mattered not what the weather was, he was never known to fail to meet an appointment. In recounting his mercies, he stated the remarkable fact, that, though not strong, physically, he was never confined to bed three consecutive days in his long life, until about ten days before the end came. He was constantly expressing his gratude for his eyesight being spared, enabling him to read continually, until two weeks before his death. When debarred this privillege by much suffering, he declined being read to, saying: "Fortunately my mind is stored with very precious promises, and I find many of the hymns very sweet prayers."

When the war broke out, Dr. Morrison, though, on principle a strong Union man, cast in his lot with his people, and

espoused the cause of the Confederacy with all his heart and soul. Three gallant sons, old enough for the service, and five sons-in-law, were officers in the Confederate army. Notably among the latter, was the peerless Gen. (Stonewall) Jackson, the splendour of whose military renown was even surpassed by the lustre of his piety, and the crowning character in the constellation of excellencies that illumined his name and invested it with a halo of glory, was that of the fearless, devoted Man of God. His piety was the basis of his greatness, the true secret of his military success. He was the Joshua of modern history. An assemblage of similar qualities rendered both illustrious and immortal. Both were raised up by Providence to illustrate the elevating power of religion. In both, the sentiment of DUTY was paramount to every other. Both were characterized by supreme devotion to God. And both, God "set on high," because they "knew," and honored "His Name": "On high," on a conspicuous eminence before men, the objects of a world's veneration and love; and, now, again, "On high," among Principalities and Powers, the noblest Chieftains in the Kingdom of Glory!

The youngest son of Dr. Morrison, Alfred, the Benjamin of the family, a gifted youth, on whom the mantle of his honoured Father seemed likely to fall, and rest, being called of God into the Ministry of Jesus Christ, proclaimed the glorious Gospel with a fervour, and a power, and a success, that seemed but an earnest of still greater blessings to the Church from a long life of devotion to his holy calling. Alas, the vanity of human hopes and expectations! The youthful soldier was soon, how soon! remanded from the field of battle, and called to wear his crown! And he who pens this tribute, in sadness and sorrow performed the funeral rites and committed his body to the tomb.

We, with our contracted vision, are unable to comprehend, and greatly wonder at, the mysterious Providence that cut short a career so full of promise, and are greatly saddened by it. But let us remember, that that career is not ended. It was not the meteor's flash, illuminating for a moment its pathway in the heavens, and then expiring in darkness, leaving not a trace of its former light and splendour. No! he set, "as sets the Morning Star, which goes not down beneath the darkened West, nor hides obscured behind the tempests of the sky, but melts away into the light of heaven!" And now he knows, and will forever

know, even as he is known. No dim or hazy atmosphere obscures the firmament of Glory. He admires and adores the deep, deep Providence which stumbles us. Like the pillar of cloud and fire, though it be dark on our side, yet on his side it is full of light. There is no night there. He has entered that Temple which the Glory of God doth lighten, and the Lamb is the light thereof! He has joined the company before the Throne. And the blest occupation of Earth is still the blest occupation of Heaven,—preaching the glorious Gospel of the Son of God! Father and Son, now forever associated, together making known "the unsearchable riches of Christ" to the grandest assembly of the Universe, to Angels and Archangels, to Cherubim and Seraphim, who learn "*from the Church* the manifold wisdom of God,"—proclaiming to the admiring, adoring Principalities of Heaven, the fathomless wonders of Redeeming Love, the unutterably glorious triumphs of Amazing Grace!

"'Worthy the Lamb that died,' they cry,
'To be exalted thus'!
'Worthy the Lamb,' our lips reply,
'For he was slain for us!'"

The burden of this, and other afflictions,—having been, previously, bereft of a beloved wife and devoted children,—pressed heavily upon Dr. Morrison. It pleased his Heavenly Father to perfect him, even as Christ, the Captain of our salvation, was made perfect, through much suffering. But throughout the long-protracted discipline of trial, he murmured not, but meekly drank the cup that was given him to drink, in the spirit of Him who said: "Thy will, not mine, be done." And under the culture of sanctified affliction, his Christian character visibly mellowed and ripened fully into fitness for Heaven. Though confined to his home by the infirmities of age, he was always working for the Master, in distributing Bibles, good books and papers, and writing to many on the importance of preparation for Heaven. His conversation was more of heaven than earth He wrote to each of his absent children almost weekly, and the close of every letter was almost a sermon. His last letter to a beloved daughter ends thus: "I have been deeply impressed by the number of sudden deaths we have had. God seems to remind us often of the frail tenure by which we hold to the things of time and the privileges of the Gospel. In such an hour as we think not the messenger comes! The main thing is to have our

lamps burning, prepared for the coming of the Bridegroom. The more we lay up treasures on high, the less, I presume, we will fear the loss of things below. Among the most solemn impressions, is the fact, that all privileges enjoyed here, will soon be forever gone, and we have no power to recall them! Let us strive for that Kingdom which knows no sorrow, no changes, no death." He delighted in the society of Ministers, and loved to encourage his young brethren to persevere in their glorious work for the Master. To a young Minister he said, recently, with great animation: "O, my dear young brother, if I had ten thousand lives to live, I would give them all to the Gospel!" The graces of the Holy Spirit so abounded in his life as to render his old age very peaceful and beautiful, through much bodily suffering. The habit of secret prayer became so unceasing, his family often feared to enter his room, he was so constantly on his knees. He would admonish all not to faint in prayer, and with great humility would ask all to pray for him. When alone he prayed much aloud, and the burden of his prayer was, that all his descendants might be saved, children and grandchildren and great grandchildren gathered all, an unbroken family, into the Heavenly Kingdom.

In broken, utterances under great bodily suffering, he gave his

DYING TESTIMONY:

"While I can I wish to bear my dying testimony to the power and the blessedness of the Gospel, and to the preciousness of the dear Saviour. In our hours of ease, precious; in hours of trial and distress, a thousand times more precious. I cannot express in words freely, what I mean. *O the sweet wonders of the Cross*!" Marked tokens of the Divine favour were accorded to the dying saint, as cordials to sustain his fainting spirit. And amid the gentle ministries of filial love, and the kind offices of filial devotion, untiring, unfaltering, that ceased not, day nor night,—"ministering angels,"—relieving the tedium of the sick chamber, soothing the couch of suffering, and mitigating, as far as possible, the pains of dissolution, he sweetly fell asleep.

He has left to his descendants the rich legacy of an honoured name, a holy life, an elevated christian character, and many fervent prayers which have been, and are yet to be, answered in blessings on their heads,—a legacy infinitely more precious than

all the diadems and treasures of earth. May they all, to the latest generation, secure, by faith, the priceless inheritance!

He has gone to see the KING in all His beauty, to gaze upon that Sacred Brow that for us was crowned with thorns, and to lean his head with adoring confidence and unutterable joy upon his Saviour's loving bosom.

"Soldier of Christ! well done!
Praise be thy blest employ,
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy!"

"Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon Heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of Glory eternally reigns!

Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While the Anthems of Rapture unceasingly roll.
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul!"

A. W. MILLER.

Obituary of a Venerable and Most Useful Minister of the Gospel.

[From the St. Louis Presbyterian.]

Rev. R. H. Morrison, D D., was born in Rocky River Congregation, Cabarrus County, N. C., on the 8th of September, 1798, and died in Lincoln County, N. C., on the 13th of May, 1889.

He belonged to that long line of godly Presbyterians of the same name, who have given to the Church so many ministers of the gospel, elders, deacons, elect ladies, and mothers in Israel. The centre of the clan (if it may be so called) was and is in Rocky River Congregation. In whatever part of the United States you may meet a Rocky River Morrison, you will almost certainly find a devout and an intelligent Presbyterian. They are all distinguished for plain, practical sense.

Dr. Morrison had a peculiar affection for one of his kinsmen, and the two kept up a constant correspondence for over forty years. This kinsman was Rev. James Morrison, who married and settled near Brownsburg, Rockbridge county, Virginia. Rev. R. L. Dabney, D.D., of the University of Texas, and Rev. B. M. Smith, D.D., of Union Seminary, Virginia, married daughters of Mr. James Morrison. Few mentin this or in any other age have been so blessed in work for the Master as was Mr. James Morrison. He had charge of the large congregation of New Providence Church in Rockbridge county and of a fine Academy for girls at his own house, and in both church and Academy he won many over to the service of the Redeemer Besides, he had the rearing of his brothers-in-law, the young Browns—all of whom became noble and exemplary men, and five of them honored and useful pastors of strong congregations.

The subject of our sketch, Dr. Morrison, was graduated at the University of North Carolina in 1818. There he was a classmate of, and divided the honors with, James K. Polk, afterwards

11th President of the United States. Both Polk and Morrison were of Presbyterian lineage and from that Presbyterian section of the State which proclaimed itself independent of Great Britain on the 20th of May, 1775, and which the British designated as the "Hornets' Nest of the Rebellion."

Dr. Morrison was ordained by Concord Presbytery in 1820, and his first charge was Providence Church in Mecklenburg county, N. C. He did not long remain in that congregation, but was called to Fayetteville, N. C. While pastor of the Presbyterian church in that place, he was married on the 27th of April, 1824, at Vesuvius Furnance, Lincoln county, N. C., to Miss Mary Graham, daughter of Gen. Joseph Graham, and sister of Governor Wm. A. Graham, Secretary of the Navy under Mr. Fillmore and candidate for the Vice-Presidency on the same ticket with Gen. Scott for President.

Gen. Graham was a Major of Cavalry during the war of the Revolution and noted as a daring and enterprising Cavalry leader. In an engagement near Charlotte, N. C , he was left for dead on the field with six sabre and three bullet wounds in his body.

In 1814 the Major of the Revolution was made a Major General, and sent with his division to co-operate with Gen. Jackson in the Creek war.

Descended from pious ancestry, Gen. Graham was a devout Christian from early youth till his death in his 77th year. For the last ten or twelve years of his life he was an elder in Unity Church in Lincoln County.

Dr. Morrison remained in Fayetteville from 1822 to 1827. Then he received and accepted a joint call from the Church at Charlotte and the Church at Sugar Creek, three miles from Charlotte. His mind had been exercised for some time upon the fact that the State University and other secular institutions were doing but little towards furnishing candidates for the ministry. He believed that this work had to be done by denominational colleges. Accordingly, on the 12th of March, 1835, at Prospect Church in Rowan county, where Concord Presbytery was then sitting, he brought forward a resolution for the establishment, within its bounds, of a Presbyterian College in which the distinctive doctrines of our Church should be taught and explained. Strong, pure Presbyterianism was to take the place of the diluted Christianity which usually prevails in public institutions, and for the simple reason that public teachers are afraid

to impart any distinctive doctrine, lest it give offence to some of the pupils. I was once shown, by Dr. Morrison, the resolution which he introduced into the Concord Presbytery. It was in his own handwriting and was indorsed in the same hand. At the same time he gave me the reasons which led to his offering the resolution, and which he presented to the Presbytery.*

The vote on the adoption of the resolution was, I think, unanimous. Dr. Morrison and Rev. P. J. Sparrow were appointed Financial Agents of the College and succeeded in raising funds sufficient to start the College on the 1st of March, 1837 The three Presbyteries then in charge of Davidson, Concord, Morganton and Bethel, elected Dr. Morrison the first President.

It was then the day of comparatively small things. The $30,00 raised by Drs. Morrison and Sparrow, was suplemented in 1855 by a donation from Mr. Maxwell Chambers, of Salisbury, from which the College received $200,000—not all that he gave —a part being lost to the College through the limit to its charter. This charter was procured by Dr. Morrison in 1838, when he appeared before the Legislature and with difficulty procured it with a limit of $200,000. There was then a strong prejudice against denominational institutions.

Had Dr. Morrison accomplished nothing else in life than found Davidson College, he would have left behind him an enduring monument and would have been justly considered a benefactor of mankind. He was not disappointed in the number of preachers turned out by Davidson College. In the first fifty years of its existence, it sent forth 193 ministers of the Gospel—a greater number than the University of North Carolina in an hundred years. The University of Georgia in eighty years has given but 137 ot its 2,003 graduates to the Church. Out of 659 graduates from the University of Alabama, only thirty have become clergymen. All College statistics prove that the Church of Christ must look to its denominatioal Colleges, for its pulpit supply.

*Davidson College has now one of the largest and most expensive buildings at the South. It has a fair philosophical and chemical appar tus, and quite a number of v luable books belonging to the College and Societies. There are seven Professors and one Tutor in the College Faculty. The tone is h gh among Faculty and students. The Bible is a part of the College curriculum. There is no hybrid, spavined Christianity taught there. Surely the dream of the first President has been gloriously fulfilled. In the first fifty years of its existence, Davidson sent out 193 preachers. In the last two years it has sent out seven more: 200 in all.

When Dr. Morrison was at Davidson College, a great and ever-widening field of usefulness seemed to be opening up before him. He was only about forty years old. His Alma Mater had conferred upon him the degree of D. D., an honor then seldom given. His talents and eloquenee had made him widely known in the South. His commanding person, his easy flow of pure and elegant Englisb, his earnest and impassioned delivery, his logical gifts and attainments, his heart all aglow with love for the Savior and the world the Savior came to redeem—these thrilled his congregations everywhere and made him the popular preacher of the State. But all this was changed, as it were in a moment. The loss of two lovely little daughters at the College with only a few days' interval between their deaths, and a severe attack of bronchitis crushed his energies and for a time filled him with melancholy. With the consent of the Trustees, he abandoned his post of duty for a time and went on to Philadelphia and put himself for treatment under the care of Dr. McClellan (father of the famous Union General.) Finding that his health had not improved, he resigned in 1840 and settled on his farm in Lincoln county, and seldom left it, even for a few days for nearly a half century. He preached then regularly for more than thirty years, sometimes at Unity, sometimes at Castanea and sometimes at Machpelah (the burying ground of the Grahams and Brevards). These churches were on the circumference of a circle of which his house was the centre.

Dr. Morrison was an old-time Whig, and an ardent Union man. Nevertheless, he cast in his lot with his people with all his heart and soul. His three sons old enough to be in the war, acquitted themselves most nobly. Major Wm. Morrison was one of the most efficient staff officers in the service. Capt J. G. Morrison was Aid to Gen Stonewall Jac son, was with him when he was wounded, and at great risk succeeded in removing him to a place of safety. Capt. Joe was wounded three or four times and lost a foot in the service. Capt. Robert Morrison was aid to Gen. D H. Hill, and was as efficient as it was possible for mortal man to be. Three of Dr. Morrison's sons-in-law became General officers in the Confederate service. T. J. (Stonewall) Jackson, D. H. Hill and Rufus Barringer; a fourth, Colonel (now Supreme Court Judge) A. C. Avery, was Inspector General of Hardee's old corps; a fifth, Colonel John E. Brown, was Colonel of the Forty-second N. C. Regiment. All these

were officers in the Presbyterian Church. Dr. M. had impressed Presbyterianism very strongly on his family. It is a curious fact that three out of the five Trustees of the General Assembly are his sons-in-law.

CHARACTERISTICS.

Dr Morrison was a man of rare dignity of manner. His presence and his look were always sufficient to rebuke unseemly levity and undue familiarity. The order in his congregation was always perfect, more grave and decorous even than is usual in Presbyterian churches, always noted for their propriety. He seemed born to command, and would have made a great military leader. And yet of all men this writer ever knew, he had the most of that "flowing courtesy," which Clarendon said so pre-eminently distinguished John Hampden Before the war had desolated our y, his elegant home was the seat of a refined and genial ality. His was never so happy as when entertaining his clerical brethren. His manner towards them was not merely kind, it was affectionate, because he loved the embassadors of his Master. To well-accredited strangers, his welcome was so cordial and winning that they soon felt themselves at home. But to those whose private life was known to be unseemly, his demeanor was cold and forbidding, however high might be their social standing or official position. Dr. Morrison had in an eminent degree one of David's characteristics of a good man: "In whose eyes a vile person is contemned." With the Doctor was apparently ever present the question which Jehu, the Prophet, asked King Jehosaphat: "Shouldst thou help the ungodly and love them that hate the Lord?" Those who knew Dr. M. well, can testify to his scorn and contempt for the scoffer and blasphemer. Like the Psalmist, he could say: "Do I not hate them that hate Thee? and am not I grieved with those that rise up against Thee? I hate them with perfect hatred. I count them mine enemies." An attack upon the God he revered and the Savior he loved, was an attack upon him and was resented as such. The mildest and gentlest men can feel strongly and express themselves strongly in such circumstances. We speak of the meek and lowly Jesus, and we do well so to speak, but the woes and denunciations uttered by Him as recorded in Mat. xxiii: show how burning his anger could be when aroused.

In promiscuous assemblages Dr. Miller was reticent and was considered stern, but in the inner circle of his friends, he was all geniality and was loved by them as tenderly as he loved them. I have never known a father who was so honored, revered and loved by his children.

DYING EXPERIENCE.

Dr. Morrison was greatly afflicted for the last six months of his life. His suffering was often acute and continuous, but no one ever heard a word of complaint from him, a murmur of discontent or an expression of impatience. On the contrary, his heart seemed to be overflowing with gratitude to God for his goodness to him. He would often say: "Surely, goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life"—this, notwithstanding the fact that he had had many sore trials and bereavements, and a great deal of bad health. With reference to his bodily pain he would frequently say: "Not my will, but thine be done." A common expression with him was: "It is all right, I am in good hands."

His son, Capt. Jos. Morrison, was living with his father, and he and his family were there at all times to soothe and care for the sufferer. His daughter, Mrs. Jackson, was with him continuously for the last three months of his life, and his son, Dr. Robt. Morrison, was with him a great deal. Some weeks before his death, he called these two sons (the survivors of four), his daughter, Mrs. Jackson, and his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Jos. Morrison, and said to them: "Dr. John H. Rice on his death-bed left his testimony as to his unalterable conviction of the love of God and the truth of the Christian religion. I have always desired to do the same thing. It is one thing, my children, to feel the love of Christ in our hours of ease. But it is inexpressibly dearer to feel it at such a time as this." Here his strength failed him and he could say no more. But he had given the testimony which he had wished for so many years that he might have the privilege of giving on his death-bed and he was the happier for it.

A grateful disposition was an important element in Dr. Morrison's character. He had in an eminent degree the "cheerful heart" of which Addison speaks, that "tastes the gifts of God with joy." Those gifts were felt by both poet and preacher to be unmerited mercies calling for love and gratitude to the "author of every good and perfect gift." So true is it that "the

meek shall inherit the earth." He is doubly blessed in everything; first, in the gift of God; second, in the cheerful heart that gratefully recognizes God's loving kindness in its bestowal. Dr. M. did not regard the attentions and courtesies even of his own children as *rights* that he might justly claim, but rather as *favors* to be thankfully acknowlepged. Some of his family were providentially hindered from being with him in his last illness. To each of these he sent word that it was not her duty to try to come to him But the tender ministrations of his daughter and daughter-in-law (alluded to above) aroused in him the liveliest emotions of gratitude. He spoke of them as his "ministering angels," and often said: "God bless you." He talked often and lovingly of the affection and kindness always shown him by his children. No earthly theme had such a charm for him as this. To his son Robert, upon whom he leaned as a physician as well as a son, he was peculiarly tender, and almost his last conscious words were: "Kiss me, Robert."

Gratitude constitutes no small ingredient of happiness. The least self-asserting are the happiest. The wise man never said a wiser thing than "with the lowly is wisdom."

Every one must have noticed in the lives of eminent saints, how as they approached life's end, they clung more closely to the cross of Christ, how they more and more felt the need of Christ's righteousness, and how they were more disposed to pour contempt upon their own good deeds. So it was literally with Dr. Morrison. He had less and less confidence in the flesh, and as heart and flesh failed him, he made God the strength of his heart and his portion forever, and with the simple, trusting faith of a child, he put himself in the hands of the Divine Savior. He frequently repeated verses from the well-known hymn:

"Just as I am, without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me."

Moses was the meekest of men, because he alone, of all mankind had seen God in his awful holiness. Job lost all his self-righteousness, "abhorred himself and repented in dust and ashes," when his eyes had seen the King in His glory.

In these days of fanaticism, cant and conceit, it will be well to remember the dying testimony of the venerable saint, a sketch of whom I have been trying to give. He had served God honestly and earnestly for more than three-fourths of a century.

but he counted that service and all his "righteousness as filthy rags," and placed all his hopes of pardon, peace and eternal life in the blood of the Reedemer shed for him. This text was very precious to him: "Knowing that a man is not justified by the works of the law, but by the faith of Jesus Christ, even we have believed in Jesus Christ that we might be justified by the faith of Christ and not by the works of the law; for by the works of the law shall no flesh be justified." Gal. xi: 16.